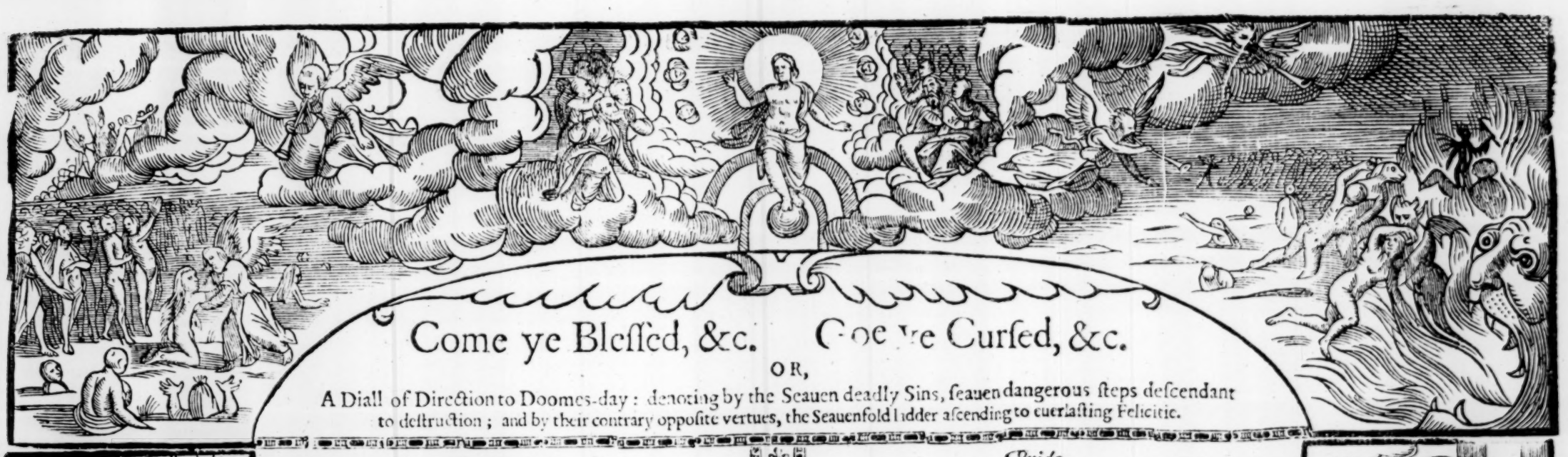

Come ye Blessed, &c. Goe ye Cursed, &c.

OR,

A Diall of Direction to Doomes-day: denoting by the Seauen deadly Sins, seauen dangerous steps descendant to destruction; and by their contrary opposite vertues, the Seauenfold ladder ascending to euerlasting Felicitie.

Humilitie.

MElt throbbing *Soule* into a flood of teares,
And humbly hang thy vowes at Heauens eares;
Thy God will heare, without an angry frowne,
And raise thee vp, as he hath cast thee downe.
Rip vp thy breast with sighes, breake heart in twaine,
Hee'le make amends, and saue it vp againe.
True, true indeed; for he that Heauen will win,
Must be both new without, and new within.

Loue.

LOue is the life of Vertue, and the fire
Which kindles motion in a good desire;
Shee is the Queene, whom here portrayd you see,
Dandling her pretty Infants on her knee:
Now what relation they haue to the Mother,
The same wee haue compar'd with one another:
If thus wee loue, at length the God aboue,
Will guide our feete into the place of Loue.

Patience.

WHy should I seeke reuenge, I'le rather die,
Then haue my handes distaind with crueltie;
Rather then burnish in mine owne defence,
Let me bee blam'd for sheepish innocence:
In hope thus meane I to continue still,
And wish their good, that shall desire my ill;
For well I know, *Forgiue, and bee Forgiuen,*
Is one sure path, will leade vs vnto Heaven.

Labour.

THe portion *Adam* left his sonnes was sweate,
And through their Labour to procure their meate;
Fye then on those, that foolishly repine,
To see vs worke, before we seeke to dine:
Wee stand not idle, like a lumpe of lead,
But plow, and sow, and so we get our bread.
For true it is, when God shall see it best,
Wee shall be brought vnto the place of rest.

Liberalitie.

COme, come, you hungry soules, take what you lack
Foode for your belly, rayment for your backe.
Refresh your selues with that which God hath sent vs,
For what wee haue, wee must confesse is lent vs:
To bee employd on you, and take't as free,
As euer at the first it came to mee.
And doe so still, though the world ne're regard thee,
There's one aboue that sees, and will reward thee.

Temperance.

IT is a noble thing, and worthy man,
To slacke his power of doing what he can;
This is true *Temperance*, to see and tast
Gods creatures, neuer spending them in wast;
This is the Balsame for the Soule and brayne,
To reade, and drinke, and then to reade againe.
No man can finde the way to Heauen reeling,
It's straight, and low, and onely got by kneeling

Chastitie.

ONe sportlesse couple with your tender young,
Fayre like the stock, from whence at first they sprong;
Hie to the Temple, great Iehovahs place,
There you may looke vpon him face to face;
There you may reade, and heare, and pray, and sing,
And warble out the prayses of your King.
For he that beares vnto this Church a loue,
Shall bee a member of the Church aboue.

Pride.

FAire, bright-celestiall Angel-like Face
Adding a luster to the looking-glasse;
Would *Venus* were aliue, that I might prove
How farre I went beyond the Queene of Loue;
My Peacock-painted lockes affirme the same,
Brighter then hers to whom *Leander* swame.
But stay, lockes shead, and Peacockes loose their feather,
Your Beauty, and your Glasse, may breake together.

Enuie.

OHow my soule's tormented when I see,
Honours attend on others, and flye mee!
I could eene teare away my snakie twine,
For anger that those fortunes were not mine;
Well so bee it, thriue on; I must and will
Spit my contagious envie at you still.
Hell's hard at hand, peace; for a time thou'lt see,
Thousands shall pitty, but none enuie thee.

Wrath.

CAn flesh and blood endure it? surely no,
I'le make you rue your faults ere you go;
Your lift-vp hands, and teares can doe no good,
Nought shall appease my fury, but your blood:
I'le carue yee vp yee Scoundrels ioynt by ioynt,
And tosse your limbes vpon my daggers poynt.
Yet bee aduis'd, and learne this lesson well,
The blood of man will be reueng'd in hell.

Sloath.

RAther then worke wee le starue; now we are borne
We must be kept, though we be kept in scorne;
Let thinges goe how they will, what neede we care?
Sleeping, and feeding in the open ayre:
It is a blisse, what neede our wishes clime
Farther than onely to the present tyme?
Yet there's a world behind, and worth the thinking,
Which will not be obtain'd by Sloath and drinking.

Couetousnesse.

COme let vs hugge sweete soule, yee heapes of wonder,
Wee'le rather fry in hell, than part asunder:
O glorious mettall! fayre beyond the Sunne!
That setts, but thou reflect'st when day is done;
Long mayst thou fire my coffers, and bee bright,
To keepe thy master from eternall night.
But let me tell you this; Bills, Bondes, and Leases,
Will ner'e assure you of the place where peace is.

Drunkennesse.

SIt close good fellowes, tumble downe the liquor,
It makes the witt, and vnderstanding quicker,
'Tis the directest physicke for the braine,
To sit, and drinke, and pisse it out againe:
Fill me a boule of *Nectar*, I'le beginne
A health to him, that will this honour winne.
And drinke thy fill, a time will come e're long,
Thou shalt not haue a drop to coole thy tongue.

Lecherie.

QVickly let's snatch the pleasures of the bed,
Embrace, and kisse, and cull a mayden-head;
A fire runnes through my vaines, like *Aetna* hot,
Yet what it meetes I'm sure it scorches not,
Trye first and trust; two is a number, one
Must liue, and liue, and die, and all alone.
Why so? 'tis better goe to Heauen single,
Then with the hellish multitude to mingle.

Printed at London for *William Wilson*, and are to be sould by *Francis Grone*, ouer against the *Sarazens-head* without Newgate.